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"How is your boy?" she asked.

"Why," replied the lady, "I haven't any little boy."

"No little boy? Well, how is your little girl?"

"But I have no little girl either."

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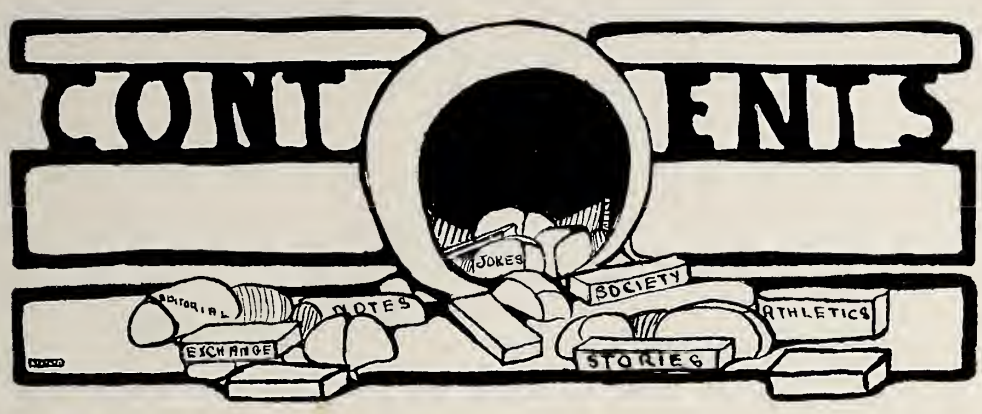
The Caldron

Vol. IX JUNE 1912 Number 8



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Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School

A Fortunate Accident

Fred Houghton was a boy of seventeen, living in Fisherville, a small isolated town in Wyoming. He was very much interested in aviation, and indeed everyone said he was "loony" on the subject, on account of his incessant reading about aeronautic happenings, and because he was continually making small model aeroplanes. However, Fred was well versed in the scientific side of aviation, as well as having a fairly accurate knowledge of the construction and operation of most of the good aeroplanes, although he had never seen a real one.

When Fred was seventeen years old, interest in aviation had spread over the country so much that the principal men of Fisherville and the vicinity decided to try to get an aviator to give a three day exhibition at the town. After considerable correspondence they finally engaged a man named Jim Braithwaite for three days early in the spring. Fred was all excitement, eagerly waiting for the exhibition, as he had never seen a man fly before. When the day came for the flyer to come to town, Fred skipped school, and waited for the train at the station. The train came, all right, but the aeroplane was so wrapped up that Fred could see nothing of it, although he knew from pictures what the assembled machine looked like. He had to content himself with talking to the single mechanic, Jones, by name, who talked of aviation on the way to the field where the flying was to take place. Fred "stuck around" at the flying field and helped put the parts of the machine in the shed, which was on the field, until late at night, and then when he found that the aeroplane was not going to be assembled that night, he went home to bed.

Fred was up early the next morning, the first day of the flying, and watched the men assemble the machine, helping here and there, whenever he was allowed to. He stayed at the field all day without the knowledge of his parents, who thought he was in school, and Braithwaite took him for several passenger rides while tuning up the machine for the afternoon. At first the passenger experienced a delightful sensation of security and exhilaration, but when the novelty of the thing had worn off somewhat, he devoted himself to watching the aviator manipulate the control levers to see how he managed the machine. He got on excellent terms of friendship with the mechanic Jones, who took a great liking to the boy. At noon, when Braithwaite was at dinner, Jones let Fred sit in the aviator's seat, and work the controls, until he felt quite confident of being able to run the machine in the air by himself. In the course of trying out the engine, Jones let him work the engine controls along with the others. Although he had never operated an automobile engine or any other kind before, far from being frightened when he heard the powerful sixty horse power aero engine banging away behind him, he was supremely happy, although greatly excited, and he opened the throttle as wide as Jones would let him. While starting the propeller for the last time at noon, Jones let it hit his hand. It broke several bones and cut him so badly that he was put out of business for acouple of weeks, so far as his mechanic work was concerned. Incidentally Fred was installed as mechanic's assistant for a time.

It was the time of the spring thaw and as there had been an unusual amount of snow on the ground, the river was very high and had swept away several bridges near Fisherville. In spite of the bad roads and the swollen river, the farmers flocked in from miles around to see Braithwaite fly. The first day was fine, without much wind, and Braithwaite flew well before the largest crowd that had ever been in Fisherville. Doctor Hamel, the only physician in the neighborhood, had traveled the six miles from his home to the town over the muddy roads and the

high river, and he found it so bad that he decided not to come the next day. During the afternoon, Braithwaite asked for volunteers to go up with him as passengers, but Fred was the only one that offered to go. The trip lasted about half an hour, and by the time the machine came down, Fred was certain he could handle it even though he was not given a chance to try it. That evening Fred got a scolding from his parents, both for skipping school and for riding with Braithwaite, but, although he said nothing, he resolved to take the chance of another ride if he got a chance.

The next day, as Fred was watching the flights with a larger crowd than the day before, the biplane, when about fifty feet from the ground, was seen to dive suddenly, throwing the aviator out of his seat. The upturned elevator, however, took effect just before the machine hit the ground, and caused it to straighten up as suddenly as it had dived a few seconds before, and the aeroplane landed going parallel to the ground, without breaking even a wire, or doing any other damage. It was thought for a few minutes that Braithwaite, who had landed on a stump, was killed, but when it was discovered that he was still breathing, people began to call for Doctor Hamel. As he was at his home, a couple of miles away, several men started after him in a wagon, but everyone knew that it would take them a couple of hours to get him, on account of the bad roads and the long detours necessary, and the aviator might die in the meantime. Somebody then suggested that Jones drive the aeroplane after the doctor, as he could get him in about half an hour, but Jones could not drive on account of his injured hand. Finally Fred told the mechanic that he thought he could take the machine up. Jones immediately agreed to let him try it; so Fred mounted the aeroplane, one of the spectators started the propeller, and Fred was off before anyone knew what had happened.

After a long, bumpy run over the ground, he elevated sharply, and after turning this way and that very erratically, he finally got the hang of the controls and started off in the direction of the doctor's residence at a terriffic speed, in the effort to get him before the aviator died. Fred's passenger rides with the flyer the previous day helped him to manage the controls, as he had watched Braithwaite closely. He had to raise and lower his elevator, turn from side to side, and operate the ailerons continually, but by some strange chance he was able to catch the machine each time before it fell and keep it in the air. He went on and on, hours, it seemed to him, until he saw the doctor's place below him, and then he throttled the engine and began to plane down, as he had seen Graithwaite do. The landing wheels just missed a low fence, but luckily Fred was able to make a graceful landing without breaking anything. The immense yard was none too large, for the machine did not stop until it was almost touching the house. Doctor Hamel seeing the machine, had come out into the yard, and he was very much surprised to see who was driving it. Fred had some trouble to induce him to ride back, but the doctor was reassured by the graceful way in which the landing had been made, although it was mere good fortune; so, after helping to turn the machine around he hurried to get his medicine case and instruments. Fred had not shut the engine completely off, so when they were ready, he speeded it up and they started. The long run afforded by the great yard scarcely gave speed enough to clear the fence again, but the machine got safely over it and they were off.

The doctor had some misgivings about riding in an aeroplane, but it was necessary, and he got there all right. It was only about fifteen minutes from the time the machine disappeared from the people at the field that it appeared again coming fast. A great cheer arose from the crowd and did not stop until the aeroplane hit the ground. When Fred started to land, he shut off his engine while he was still high in the

(Continued on Page 10)

Bess?

It was five weeks before commencement when Jim suddenly possessed himself of a broken leg. It happened in a most unusual manner, so Jim persisted. Many a fellow had trimmed trees without having the ladder slip, precipitating both ladder and occupant in a muddled heap on the ground. Sad but true, the heap of which James R. Wardner, Jr., was a part did not separate as readily as might be supposed. James was confused; he couldn't get the connection between the upper branches of the tree, the ladder, himself and the ground; in fact that was just the trouble, the connection had been a minus quantity, hence the curiously alarming pain in his left leg. It takes longer to relate how Jim was carried into the house than that event actually took, however James R. Wardner, Jr.'s next thots were about those confoundedly stiff boards that encircled the very apparent center of all suffering.

Instead of improving, the ache grew worse, Jim grew paler and his disposition was on the verge of a most depressing change. After three weeks of misery, during which his mind wandered from a postponed graduation to splintered bones and from splintered bones to a postponed graduation, it was decided to move the sufferer to the country, where it was hoped that the fresh air and new, cheerful surroundings would aid the damaged limb and failing disposition.

The farm house to which Jim was removed was a large, roomy abode, owned by an elderly, retired farmer and his pleasant wife. The garden and orchard were marvels of nature's miracles and man's handicraft. 'Twas no wonder that "Rest Haven" was a most inviting spot. Even Jim ceased grumbling about his innumerable misfortunes when Mr. Elder wheeled his invalid chair into the quaint garden. Jim soon discovered that Mr. Elder and his wife intended to permit him to have an entirely solitary survey of the garden daily, as duties called them elsewhere.

On the third day of his rather lonely enforced visit to "Rest Haven" Jim was astonished to hear a low whistle behind his chair. Having previously been told of the absence of all boys in the neighborhood, it was with no small amount of curiosity that he glanced around. There, perched on the low stone wall that surrounded this portion of the garden, sat a merry, young girl, barely his own age, so Jim judged, swinging her legs as she gaily whistled, meanwhile cooly surveying him with her sparkling brown eyes. Suddenly she tossed her head of tangled curls and said, "Usually boys do the introducing, I believe." "Well, yes," said Jim, "I suppose so. I'm James Wardner, Jr." "Left out the R., didn't you? Does that stand for Rufus, for you are red-headed you know. I'm Bess Lowell, live on the next farm, it's only a mile and a half when you cut across the woods. Thot you'd be lonesome, so I'm coming here whenever I can providing I don't utterly bore you." "You'll not bore me," Jim reassured her, for already the tomboyish girl with her frank, open face, and ability to be so easily at home, interested him. "Like to read?" abruptly asked Bess, "I love exciting western stories where the bullets whiz thru every page." "Same here," responded Jim, "but I left in such a hurry that I had no time to bring books along." "I'll lend you some perfectly great ones," enthusiastically answered his guest." I know the kind you'll like." "Thanks, I'm glad to have any kind of change. It's dull here compared with city life." "Hm! city life wouldn't appeal to me, I fear. I love the country with its brooks' full of trout (sometimes), and its great big openess. I like to know that when I'm hungry there are some juicy, red strawberries on the vines below the orchard, just waiting to be picked. And when winter comes one can skate on the pond near the woods and not have to go in

a closed skating rink. I like to walk, I hate those shut-in street cars. It's the absolute freedom of the place that makes me love it so!'' ''Oh, but in a city you can have much more fun,'' protested Jim. ''Never mind your side of the question until tomorrow. Tell me about your home then, and with a merry twinkle in her eyes which Jim could not account for, she swung herself over the wall and disappeared.

The next day bright and early Jim was wheeled into the garden. He waited at first patiently, then impatientyl for the shrill whistle which he was sure would announce his expected visitor. Finally he spied a figure walking slowly toward the gate of ''Rest Haven.'' Strange, thought Jim, that Bess seemed so pensive. And yet stranger it seemed to him when she at last reached the garden to see the basket of delicious looking cookies she carried on one arm, (books were piled under the other one), for Bess didn't impress one as the domestic kind of girl. As his visitor did not speak, Jim concluded that she was waiting for his greeting. ''Morning,'' he said. ''Good morning,'' she answered, in oh the meekest voice imaginable, ''has your leg troubled you much?'' ''No,'' replied Jim, ''it's much better.'' ''I baked this morning, do you like cookies? I brought some over.'' Jim promptly selected the largest one in sight, took a bite and reached for the basket. ''No,'' he said, most ungramatically, ''I love them.'' Bess smiled and handed him the books. ''I'm so interested in music and art that I thought perhaps you'd care to read some books on these subjects.'' Jim was amazed. Why should a tom-boyish good sport of a girl waste her time on such nonsense. ''Hm, yes, I would like to look them over, Bess.'' ''Beth, if you please,'' answered the girl. ''Queer,'' reflected her host, he hadn't noticed that she lisped until now. ''Sure I know you're name's Bess.'' ''But it isn't, it's Beth,'' said the girl on the verge of tears. ''All right, Beth, if you wish, Beth you shall be. By the way, how's fishing down there in your pond by the woods?'' ''Oh, I never fish,'' laughed the girl. ''I loathe those wiggly worms and besides ones hands smell all fishy after one's been angling.'' ''I wish I could take you out, I'd make you like it,'' asserted Jim. ''I must go now, I've not finished my practicing and I have a view of the woods sketched ready to paint. If I can I'll come son again. Hope you enjoy the books''—and with a demure good-bye, Beth walked down the path, opened the gate and vanished from sight down the road. Jim looked at the books. One was ''How to listen to Music,'' another was ''Decoration in the Home,'' and yet another, ''Life of Michael Angelo.'' ''And I thought she was a good substitute for the fellows at home!'' was Jim's only comment.

Next morning he was forced to stay in the house as it rained torrents. Of course she won't venture out on a day like this, it might muss her dress, thot the lonely boy. He was just observing how shadaw effects should be made on canvas, from one of Beth's books, when a shouted ''Hallo there!'' roused him. At the door of his room stood a dripping figure, with hands thrust out of sight. ''Guess what I brought you,'' questioned Beth, (for it was none other). ''Oh, another book on the various arts, or perhaps an embroidered pin cushion,'' guessed Jim, but the girl shook her wet brown curls at each phrase. ''Nope, you're not even warm. What do most people do rainy days, sit at home and make pin cushions? No, siree! They bring sick people things like this!'' And she held up a string of shining brook trout. ''Did you catch them?'' asked Jim. ''None other,'' said the girl. ''I dote on it, but I'm off for home now, have to do some practicing. Can't tell you how I hate it. So long!'' And with that she was gone, leaving Jim the proud possessor of some thirty trout .

Next day the sun shone bright and clear, and Jim was again moved into the garden. Very soon he spied the now familiar figure of ''Beth'' coming down the road. This time she carried an easel and other painting material.

"Hollo," gaily shouted Jim. "Good-morning," answered the girl. "How does the leg feel?" "Better, thanks." "I brought my canvas to sketch this view of the quaint garden. You dont care, do you?" "No, indeed, it's fine to have some one to talk to." "Beth" was silent, and after placing the easel in proper position busily commenced to work. Not one word could Jim force from her, so absorbed was she in the picture. But as it was vastly interesting to watch the daubs of paint take form, Jim didn't object. Finally, at the most interesting part of the proceeding,so Jim thot, she put her belongings together and with a faint "good bye" departed. Jim wondered at the meaning of the Sphinx-like creature. At last he solved the problem, she was a feminine Jekyl and Hyde, only on different lines.

He could hardly wait for the morrow, and arose early to be in readiness for the mysterious girl. At last she came, swinging a baseball bat as she ran down the road. With a leap she was over the low gate and in a flash was on the ground near his chair. As he looked inquiringly at the bat, she laughed and when she recovered her breath, said, "Thot you could throw me some flys. I must practice batting or I'll lose my position on the team." "Girl's team?" sneered Jim. "I should say not. It's the champion team of the county and I'm the only girl on it." With that began a discussion of our national game and it was interrupted with a soft, "Bess, mother wants you," startled them both. There, standing before Jim was an exact duplicate of the girl by his side. Bess laughed—, "Stupid, don't you see? We're twins, she's Beth, I'm Bess, and the only way we're alike is in looks. You've been a perfect circus to fool, but now that Beth's spoiled the fun I spose you'll be angry and have nothing more to do with us." "Nonsense, I want to see the real Bess and the lisped Beth very often," replied Jim.

Y. S. G. G.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

(Continued from Page 7)

air, and the machine hit the ground with a great jolt that threw the doctor out of his seat, still holding his medicine case. The wheels of the landing chassis broke under the strain, and after digging holes in the ground with the axles, the biplane turned completel yover, falling on Fred, who had retained his seat at the first jolt. The machine was demolished, and Fred was dug out of the wreckage unconscious. The doctor was not hurt at all, and after finding that Fred was not seriously hurt, he turned his attentions to the injured aviator. Braithwaite had received internal injuries, which kept him in the hospital for several months. Everyone was glad then that Fred was able to operate an aeroplane, and after that no one attempted to curtail his aeronautic activities. He bore his honors modestly, and a close friendship sprang up between him and the flyer. After Fred finished his schooling, he was given a position in a large aeroplane factory through Braithwaite's influence, and he is today one of our best aeronautic engineers.

F. W. H. S. '12.

The Future

A boy and a girl—and the dusky mystery of a Seer's oriental den. The walls, from the floor to the high ceiling, were covered with rich, glowing tapestrys. Glass globes, throwing soft mellow lights, were suspended as by thread from the carved ceiling; great deep chairs of oriental design and curious tables covered with glittering dishes and revolving mirrors stood in the shadows. Two peculiar, dark-colored lamps which hung suspended mysteriously from the depths of a mass of silk tapestry, gave forth rays of violet light.

Suddenly a voice deep and vibrant, roused the girl and her companion from the strange languid feeling the room had given them. It was but one word, "Come,"—but the girl started, looked about for the owner of the voice and seeing no one, waited silent and afraid.

"I wish I hadn't taken the dare," she whispered with trembling lips, but before her companion could answer a long brown hand parted the mass of tapestry near her, and gently but firmly drew her thru it. Startled, the girl found herself in a tiny, dimly lighted room; a strange odor of incense oppressed her and the tall figure wrapped in the richly colored robe of the orient held her stiff and cold with his piercing black eyes. Slowly the same hand that had drawn her so strangely from her companion, lit one after another of rows of tall candles which surrounded a huge bronze bowl. As in a trance the girl watched the slow movements of the man as he poured into the bowl from a glass vial, some tiny glittering crystals. In a moment soft rolls of incense rose from the bronze depths, pink and blue and white—drowning all other odors with one indefinitely sweet and overpowering frangrance. Again the girl was startled by a voice soft and low—"Write the name of the person whose future you wish foretold upon this piece of paper and drop it into the bowl." As in a daze the girl did as she was bid, without stopping to wonder how the piece of paper was placed in her hand. When she had dropped the name into the bowl—the voice again rose from the depths of the incense.

"This future will be very bright indeed. It will be a joy to hundreds and perhaps thousands. It will bring happiness into the hearts of both young and old and will be the result of years of faithful and earnest work, crowned by a wealthy and unhoped for reward." The soft voice slowly died away and the clouds of incense grew smaller and smaller. Finally, suddenly and unexpectedly the girl found herself back in the outer room with her companion.

"Wasn't it perfectly wonderful and grand," she gasped as, once more, they threaded their way homeward.

"What do I know about it," answered the mystified boy, "Whose future is, as you say, to be so bright and t obring so much joy to everyone?"

"Why, the future of the Caldron," the girl answered happily.

L. D. U. '13.

A TALE OF WOE.

There was a boy in our class
  Who had an awful cold;
He sat and sneezed against the rule,
  And coughed both loud and bold.

And when Ward heard the awful noise,
  With all his might and main,
He put him right upon the bench,
  All day there to remain.

But when Lane saw that ruddy nose,
  All swollen up with pain;
He heaved a sympathetic sigh,
  And sent him back again.

—W., '12.

The Caldron

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THE CALDRON is issued monthly, November to June, inclusive, in the interest of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, by a Staff of Editors chosen from the Seniors, with representatives from the other three classes.

ARTICLES for publication are solicited from members of the High School and from Alumni and former Students.

CONTRIBUTIONS should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief, Business Matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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VALE

With this issue of the Caldron the class of 1912 bids adieu to high school life, and severs its connection with the school paper. It was but a few months ago that the present staff undertook to look after the interests of the Caldron during the school year. The time is now at hand to close the form and go to press for the last time. Early in the school year the staff took up the work assigned to it with hopes that were large and with experiences that were small.

It had a pride in the high regard in which the Caldron was held by members of the school and by other schools, and it purposed to maintain that posi-

tion throughout the school year. The staff believed there was plenty of ability to compose excellent, original stories, to get together interesting school news and doings, to secure from members of the faculty articles that would be both helpful and enjoyable, and to collect an assortment of jokes and jibes that were neither too old nor too strong to help make a good school paper. This has been its purpose and to this end it has labored. How well it has satisfied the hopes of the editors is of personal concern only; how well it has fulfilled the expectations of its classmates and other readers it leaves to them to state. It feels grateful to those who have cheerfully contributed the splendid stories that from month to month have filled these pages, with especial praise to the business management for its success in maintaining so large a subscription list—about three hundred and fifty monthly—and for the large volume of advertising. It is hoped that every advertiser received full value for each dollar expended in these columns.

The present editors now lay down their pencils and scissors with the feeling that to them the service has been at least helpful and pleasant, and with the sincere wish that their class mates and the school may feel satisfied with the service rendered. Long live the Caldron! May it continue to increase in worth as it does in years.

"Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our virtues very kind."

* * *

The May number of the Caldron put out by the Juniors was an excellent one in every respect. The cover design by the clever artist "E. A. B." was fine, one of the best ever seen on any high school paper, and the other cuts throughout the issue give assurance that there is a treat in store, in the way of illustrations at least, for all readers of next year's Caldron.

The stories were first class and the general appearance of the paper was uncommonly good. With that issue as their experimental number the Caldron for 1913 appears to be in good hands, and none wish the coming management greater success than the ones who are just ending their year's service.

* * *

Principal Lane, in this issue, has something to say in regard to "Class Offices," and calls attention to a subject that concerns the students of each year. He urges the importance of paying greater attention to the scholarship and class regularity of candidates for offices, than has been the usual custom. This applies especially in the first three years of high school life, where often students are chosen to represent the class who have studies in two or three different years. He believes the interests of each class are better looked after when the offices are filled from the list of those who rightly belong to that class only.

If the facts in the matter of class standing were brought out more fully at the time of election, possibly this condition might be improved. Prospective candidates will hereafter need to show good class work as credentials to election.

* * *

In the April number of the Caldron mention was made of the decision of this year's class to dispense with the elaborate graduating dress and one and all to wear the cap and gown. This statement was published in the local papers and since that time much comment has arisen as to the innovation. In every instance the change is commended very heartily. Aside from the greatly lessened expense, which some papers place at one hundred and fifty dollars for the average person, the practice will tend to break down any petty feelings or jealousies that elaborate gowns might arouse. Seventy-nine attired in black cap and gown will, no doubt, be a novel sight at commencement time, and it is believed this change will prove a very sensible one. Other schools have adopted this custom and found it satisfactory, and doubtless the innovation of the class of 1912 will be followed by the graduates of other years.

CLASS OFFICES.

Class offices should be class honors. As in city, state, or nation, so in school, an office is an honor when out of all candidates proposed the one fittest for the office is chosen in accordance with the sober judgment of the qualified voters. To be eligible to certain offices in city, state, or nation candidates must be citizens and residents in the district they seek to represent. Just so in class offices the rules of eligibility ought to require that candidates should at least be members of the class in which they are candidates. It has often happened that a student has been elected to the high office of president of a class to which he did not belong at all or only in part. This puts a class in so ridiculous a position that no one not familiar with the modern system of promotion may well wonder how it can happen. The explanation is easy and the means of avoiding the absurd situation are no less easy of application.

Students naturally assume that all who enter school together continue to constitute a class. But when promotions are made by subjects, as is now the custom, it is at once apparent that at the beginning of the second year, or even the second term of the first year some students will have fallen behind their class through failure in one or more subjects. The number who have fallen wholly or partly behind the class with which they entered school increases as time goes on. Whatever may be the reason of failure, the mere fact of inability to keep up the regular work of one's class ought not to be considered a mark of special fitness for class office.

The chief purpose of this article is to point out how classes that have a proper class spirit can, if they choose, be assured that their officers belong to their class. A meeting of each class should be called early in September. At this meeting a date for the election of officers should be fixed. A resolution should be adopted to this effect: No nomination for any office shall be accepted unless the nominator shall give the class status of the person he nominates. Thus in a meeting of any class, the second year class for example, the statement accompanying a nomination would be something like this:

I nominate Mr. Smith for the office of president. He is enrolled as a regular 10B student, as a regular 10A student, or as a 9A in three hours work, 10B in ten hours work and a 10A in seven hours work, as the case may be. The facts in regard to the status of any student may be secured in the principal's office.

After such a statement the class would at least vote understandingly. if the majority prefer that its class officers should be "lame ducks," or members of another class, that would be its own business perhaps. About matters of taste there must be no discussion.

1915

The time is drawing near and then—but first come those hated exams. Here's hoping we shall get through with colors flying, and that September will bring all us Sophomores (get that, Sophomores) back, for our year of trials is almost over.

Is it possible that any one of us could possibly be thinking of stopping school. Surely not. A high school education is essential in all kinds of business nowadays, business that counts, and no one should be contented to do something that didn't count. So if any member of our class has an idea that he will stop school let him forget it. Our high school career has just begun.

Now in reference to our aspirations for next year. First of all none of us must stop school, because we want the 1915 class to be the largest that will have ever graduated from Fort Wayne High School. Secondly we want to make our Sophomore year a glorious one. The "green feeling" that all Freshmen have will be ours no longer, and we should assert ourselves more in the school by showing the other classes that we can do something in the athletic field as well as by showing the faculty that we intend to work hard. But it won't be all work, just think of the fun we shall have at the class dances. Oh, it is bound to be a glorious year, so we shall say "good-bye" in June but in September we must all be here t osay "hello."

"SOPHOMORE."

"I wish I was a rock
A-settin' on a hill.
I wouldn't like to do a thing
But just keep settin' still."

I suppose we all have the same feelings and although it is so very warm that we can hardly expect the Sophomores to get up enough enthusiasm to play ball, still the examinations are coming and we must work on until the end.

Sophomores, we didn't do very much this year but next year we will be Juniors and we must try to set a good example for the other classes.

"Where oh where are the gay young Sophomores?
Where oh where are the gay, young Sophomores?
Where oh where are the gay, young Sophomores?
Safe—now, in the Junior class.
They've gone up from Freshmen Literature.
They've gone up from Ancient History.
They've gone up from Physical Geography.
Safe—now, in the Junior class."

JUNIOR

The class of 1913 intends to make its Senior play next year "some show." By the time this issue is off the press, the committee, chosen two months ago,

(Continued on Page 16)

What's What and Why in the Fort Wayne High

Everybody's doing it. Doing what? What,—that is the question that others will have to scratch their heads over after this. Keeping tab on eight hundred human animals and trying to get all of the "What's What" concerning them is our task no longer. This Caldron goes to press and is on sale before the happy vacation days so, if you will, please pardon any advance announcements of what will be what and why.

May9-10. Mr. McMillen was absent. Did we know it? Well, yes, even some because so, eh—how shall I call it?—that Mr. McCormick found it necessary to drape the benches to snbdue the mutiny.

May. The juniors are already preparing for their preliminary work on their next year's class play. Some of the seniors laugh. Stop and think, is not that a pretty wise move.

May 13. Haven't heard just what the results are at the photographers, but we do hope that no cameras were broken. "Look pretty, smile, just a little more expression now." The seniors have all heard this. Others took a look at the pictures and see the results.

May 14. Mr. Ward announces that hereafter no excuses will be accepted except on account of sickness. How will we get around that? Well, we'll leave that to the individual.

May 15. Welker Wentz was assured by Mr. McMillen that he would be elected to the bench but he didn't even pass the primaries.

May 16. Tommy Griffin goes a roamin' and Miss Sihler finds it necessary to give him a front seat. Miss Sihler is getting rather hard-hearted lately. She also has established a new department. She directed James Barrett, Marion Kiess and Alfred Wermuth to the "nursery" (so she called it) and they went directly to what we used to call the office. How appropriate.

May. Tests, tests, tests, etc. That is what we have to look forward to now. As we scramble like eggs to get ready for the final day we have to be fried with the sunnyside up at the same time by these beloved tests.

May 31. The results from field day were up to the standard and we all enjoyed the holiday allowed on Decoration day.

June 3. Senior excursion was a success and we all had a "jim crack" time.

—Oh, what is so rare as the thirteenth of June?

SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from Page 15)

will probably have selected the play to be given. Mac Tower, chairman of the committee, says that he expects to have the cast selected before school closes for the summer vacation. Ronald Dawson, to whom the class of 1912 are indebted for so much of the success of their play, "The Ulster," will choose and coach our cast and help select the play. The committee is beginning its work early in order to give the main characters opportunity to perfect their parts and to offer a first class amateur production next fall.

In the story, "The Future," on another page of this number, one of the editors of the 1913 staff has given a suggestion of the wonderful future we are planning for the Caldron. The outgoing Senior staff has condescendingly assured us that the Junior number really wasn't "so worse" for a starter; and we expect to improve right along with each number next year. For contributors, we shall have writers who have made reputations in the school by their stories, published regularly in the Caldrons of the past year. Several new writers of promise, whose work has not often appeared in the Caldron, have been "spotted." We hope to secure more articles by alumni, like Hiram Moderwell's in the last issue.

Our illustrating staff will have something novel and surprising for our readers each month. We are going to make the Caldron worth all you pay for it, and a little more.

Maurice Ruby.
Inches do not make the man.

Howard Carter.
A good dinner lubricates business.

Raymond Wolford.
What! Fly from Love?
Vain hope! There's no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

Thomas Griffith.
A lad whose life is one perpetual grin.

Alfred Wermuth.
Love to one, friendship to many, good will to all.

Edith Keeran.
At whose sight, like the sun, All others with diminished beauty shone.

Helen Puckett.
Ah, methinks I hear the dizzy rythm of the dance.

Marian Ingham.
A daughter of the gods, they say—
Divinely tall and most divinely fair.

Elizabeth Hutchinson.
She nothing common did, nor mean.

Ruth Kover.
A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness seemed ever on her steps to wait.

Arnold Hitzeman.
Cutest li'l' feller, everybody knows.

Richard Bohn.
He could on either side dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Burton Adams.
Silence is the one great art of conversation.

Richard Stolte.
I am a man more sinned against, than sinning.

Roy Welch.
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

Gladys Johns.
Herself alone, none other she resembles.

Ruth Baldwin.
As merry as the day is long.

Irene Boshler.
I love my noisy prattle
Of ceaseless words that flow;
I love to wind my mouth up,
And I love to hear it go.

Vesta Thompson.
She was—but words will fail to tell thee what,
Think what a woman should be—she was that.

Vivian Erickson.
Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

Robert Williamson.
This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Otis Bennett.
Shut up in measureless content.

Kenneth Archibald.
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

Joe Barber.
He was a man; take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Leon Swager.
Kind hearts are more than coronets.

Marion Leonard.
A prodigy of learning.

Jessie Gillespie.
Ever level, ever true, to the task she has to do.

Carrie Stiefel.
She hath a look of wisdom in her eye.

Hazel Gessner.
As true as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

Delight Anderton.
What! fair and young and faithful too
A miracle, if this be true!

Florence Buskirk.
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her.

Chester Werkman.
"I value science; none can prize it more."

Hollis Logue.
Nature may stand up and say to all the world: "This was a man."

Inez Bandelier.
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, if she inspire.

Oscar Hambrock.
He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Irene Gilbert.

She is bashful, she is shy,
But there's a twinkle in her eye,
She's a flirt.

Hazel Spore.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, we'll deserve it.

Katherine Cook.

Bonnie Bonnie girlie,
Girlie fair and sweet;
With beating heart and ardent hope,
He worships at your feet.

Beulah McCrea.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys.
They dance so light along.

Avis Clark.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.

Kenneth Brown.
Pacing forth with solemn steps and slow.

Wayne Harrod.
A sensible, well-bred man.

James Barrett.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew—
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Ray Tarmon.
"I am not in the roll of common men."

Paul Eninger.
"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Matilda Stolte.

If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
But if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Gladys Becker.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Gladys.

Bertha Tower.

I enjoy myself very well in company, but I'm very well content when I'm alone.

Margaret Essig.

Modesty seldom fails to win good will.

Catherine Vesey.

Better late than never.

Marion Kiess.
Warm in the glorious interest he pursues,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

James Merriwether.
We do not want him any longer; he is long enough as he is.

Melvin Beaver.
When he is good, no man better,
When he is bad, no man worse.

Carleton Corey.
Then he will talk. Great gods! how he will talk.

Arthur Baldwin.
Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

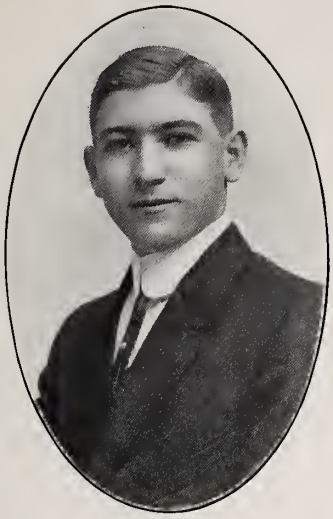
Ruth Gumpper.
Your brave and haughty scorn of all was stately and monarchial.

Guinevere Stamets.
Full of the deepest, truest thought,
Doing the very things she ought.

Chloe Havens.
A sincere lass, we wish her well.

Esther Hofer.
A living ray of intellectual fire.

Addie Coverdale.
Wisely and slowly; they tumble that run fast.



Kendall Pfeiffer.

No sinner, nor no saint, perhaps,
But—well, the very best of chaps.

William Barth.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

William Bohne.

The kinks in his hair are nothing to those in his brain.

Paul Stonecifer.

Variety's the spice o' life
That gives it all its flavor.

Fred Wagner.

Great always, without aiming to be great.

Bertha Axt.
Pure serenity apace
Produces thought and contemplation still.

Leota Anspach.
It's guid to be merry and wise.
It's guid to be honest and true.

Viola Welty.
None knew her but to love her.

Zoa Davis.
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look.

Clarice Marlott.
Blest with plain reason and sober sense.

Lorena Fortriede.
Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

Florence Stump.
Learned and good and kind is she.

Rush McClure.
A smiling gallant, he,
Ever found in ladies' company.

Robert Learmonth.
Built like a mosquito—long and thin.

Janet Bower.
Her beauty could hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.

Josephine Travers.
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

Mamie Byers.
Her hair is not more sunny than her heart.

Jeanette Shirey.
Her failings lean to 'virtue's side.

Zelpha Hand.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

1912

Class Organization

Alfred C. Wermuth, President William Bohne, Vice President
James M. Barrett, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer
Irene V. W. Boshler, Poetess Viola Welty, Prophetess

Colors: Yale Blue and White.

Class Yell

Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lack-a
Sis---Boom---Zelve
Fort Wayne High School
Nineteen Twelve.

School Yell

Zicketty Boom, Hurrah, Hurrah! Zicketty Boom, Hurrah, Hurrah!
Hoorah! Hoorah! Fort Wayne High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!
With a wee wo, and a wei wo, and a wee-wo, wei-wo, wum.
Go get a rat trap bigger than a rat trap,
Go get a rat trap bigger than a rat trap,
Cannibal, Cannibal, Sis, Boom, Bah!
Fort Wayne High School Rah! Rah! Rah!
F-o-r-t W-a-y-n-e Fort Wayne!

Commencement Program

Sunday, June 9---Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Arthur J. Folsom at the Plymouth Congregational Church.

Thursday evening, June 13---Graduation exercises in the Auditorium. Address by Dr. Stone, president of Purdue University.

Thursday evening, June 13---Grand Ball at the Minuet.

Friday morning, June 14---Four o'clock---Lights out.

WIRELESS TABLOIDS.

Kokomo, Ind.—Professor Werkman, the inventor of the self-raising pancake flour and self-raising chemical explosives, is experimenting to produce self-raising chickens.

Washington—At a heated controversy in the Senate today, Senator Wermuth of Indiana, to the amazement of every one present, cleared the entire dispute by the application of a few words of his remarkably clear logic. Rumor has it that he intends to publish a book on Parliamentary law and procedure that will far excell even "Robert's Rules of Order."

London—Mr. R. Bohn, in a trial flight across the Atlantic with his latest Wagner racer, "Frenzy," succeeded in reducing his own world's record by seventeen and two-fifths seconds.

Salt Lake City, Utah—One of the very recent discoveries of interest to lovers of book rarities is that of D. Anderton, librarian in the Boone St. Library. While hunting an old book, she accidentally came across the almost extinct book, "Burke's Concilliation with America." It will be remembered that this book lost public favor a few years ago through denunciation of Raymond Tarmon, the noted critic.

Paris.—Mairee Byers, the noted singer, has just sold a lock of her hair for one hundred thousand dollars to Mme. Spore, who has discovered in it a new chemical element somewhat similar to radium. Mme. Spore has named it Mamium.

Springfield, Ill.—The Illinois Association of Morticians, formerly known as undertakers, has brought suit against the Welch, Stonecifer Drug Co. for slander. The complaint is that the latter spread the false report that the Morticians are in league with the Doctors' Association of the same state. The president, B. Adams, stoutly denies the charge and has secured R. Wohlford as his chief lawyer.

Chicago — At the recent teachers meeting held here, H. Carter, superintendent of Fort Wayne public schools, has finally induced the teachers of northern Indiana to meet in his city for their next institute. The session will be held in the magnificent new auditorium which has been built on the old City Hall site by the Brown Construction Co.

London, Eng.—Mr. Barber, the famous Scotland Yard detective, has succeeded in his search to locate the place where the dark goes when the daylight comes.

Foo Chow, China — I. Boshler, the well known lawyer, has finally roused the American people to realize that the missionary barrels they send are a farce and should not contain "cast-offs."

Cambridge, Mass.—Prof. Eninger in a lecture before the Bibliographers Association, read a paper on the ancient book, "Looking Backward," by Lot.

Bloomington, Ind.—Miss E. Keeran, head of domestic department, has opened a night school for working

girls. Much of the success of the school is due Mrs. C. Vesey Smith, wife of President Smith.

Baltimore, Md.—The Ingham Publishing Co. has put out the third edition of the very popular book, "The Octogeranium," written by Marion Leonard, a hitherto obscure writer and illustrated by J. Shirey of the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

San Francisco, Cal.—One of the largest electrical signs on earth has just been erected at the head of the Stolte-Baldwin Trans-Pacific Aerial Company's landing by the Learmonh Sign Co. Mr. Learmonh being naturally accustomed to high altitudes, was easily able to do much of the most precarious portions of the work himself.

Liverpool, Eng.—Beulah McCrea, the noted organist, will make a tour of the United States.

St. Paul, Minn.—A patent for a fly exterminator has recently been secured by K. Archibald. Due to the scarcity of that pest in this country, he was forced to pursue his experiments in Mexico. Thru the aid of U. S. Ambassador Logue, he hopes to get a strong foothold in that country.

Madison, Wis.—Because M. Beaver, the poet, wrote some advertising jingles for a sausage factory, Professor C. Stiefel of the University, has denounced him as a writer of doggerel.

New York, N. Y.—The Travers-Puckett Modistes have sold their exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue to the Gilbert Tailoring establishment and will start business in Paris, with B. Tower as their chief designer.

Constantinople — The well known American suffragist G. Johns has just completed a tour of several months duration, lecturing in Turkey. She has ably shown America's progress since her women have the ballot and, with M. Essig as her co-worker, has had phenominal success.

Kansas City, Mo.—Miss F. Buskirk, the great Christian Science healer, has been engaged by the Gessner Packing Company to cure ham for them by her celebrated absent treatment.

New Haven, Ind.—B. Axt and E. Hutchinson, state Y. W. C. A. secretaries, report that this city, which gave one hundred thousand dollars, has made the best response in the state to the call for funds.

Evanston, Ill.—Because Northwestern University has been so long dubbed the "Match Factory," Dean Hand has laid more stringent rules on the young women.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — J. Merriweather arrived last night to book several one-act dramas for the Becker Theater Co., of Berlin.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Such a mass of people went to hear W. Bohne, the eminent Congregational divine, give his baccalaureate sermon to the graduates that the police had to be called to preserve order.

Madrid, Spain—Mlle Clarissa Marlatti received a platinum badge of honor from the Spanish president in recognition of her remarkable achievment in dramatizing R. McClure's great book, "Thee and Me." This play has greatly enabled the members of Spain's executive body to better comprehend the tragedy of life.

Washington, D. C.—Jessie Gillespie, former leader of the "Poison Squad," has been appointed by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to take the position of chief chemist. She recently distinguished herself by causing to be passed the law limiting the use of seaweed and analine dyes in the manufacture of various kinds of canned foodine.

Logansport, Ind.—An immense tiger escaped from its cage in the Ruby-Griffith circus, greatest show on earth. Due to the presence of mind of Senora Chloe Havens, the great animal trainer, many lives were saved.

Boston, Mass.—A great mass meeting was addressed last night by R. Williamson, the author of the well known book, "Rising to the Heights." His topic was "The Antipathy of High Living to High Thinking."

Manila—Civil service instructor, Z. Davis, has just been promoted to the principalship of the Coverdale Normal School.

Washington, D. C.—A new fleet of

fifty air-cruisers has just been installed at the national landing, Hambrock Roads. It is through the unceasing efforts of Secretary of War Gumpper that such a purchase was brought about.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Due to Cupid's entanglement in initials, Madame Cook, the concert pianiste of the well known Kiess Male Choir, has become engaged to a man of the same initials, and will soon be married. This is the culmination of a school friendship.

St. Louis, Mo.—The eminent financier and chief executive of the International Grain Dealers' Amalgamation, R. Stolte, has announced his intention of building a colossal home for the retreat of over-worried, conscience-stricken, and relative-besieged members, to which he himself will retire in the near future.

Glasgow.—In the will of the late Duchess of Titles, a beautifully matched strand of pearls was left to L. Fortriede, a graduate of the Pfeiffer Medical College, for untiring attentions during her last illness.

New York, N. Y.—President Bennett of the Trans-Atlantic Aerial Lines, has announced that his company will operate accommodation cars between London and New York to enable late shoppers and theatregoers to get home before sunrise.

Memphis, Tenn.—V. Erickson, a promising authoress of the Hoosier state, has just learned that her latest book, "Who's Who and How's Come," is classed among the six best sellers.

Pasadena, Cal.—The inventor of the vest pocket wireless outfit, J. Barrett, reports that his greatest sale of the year has been during the months of May and June. His sales manager, J. Bower, says the majority is bought by students, especially high school pupils.

Phoenix, Ariz.—An automatic door for aerial cars has been put on the market by C. Corey; a device which will put a stop to the accidents caused by absent-minded people who are accustomed to stepping off the street cars before they are stopped.

Detroit, Mich.—A new electrical green house has been built by G. Stamets and L. Anspach for the production of potatomaturnips, the new vegetable they have produced by the grafting of prunes and cabbages.

Tacoma, Wash.—Editor Hofer, of the Tacoma Telephone Newspaper Co., succeeded in obtaining the first news of the disasterous accident to the Harrod Aero-Passenger Line of Yellowstone Park.

Halifax.—Latest news from the Hitzeman, Swager Salvage Co., is to the effect that the raising of the sunken Titanic has finally been completed and the boat is being towed to the Barth Ship Building Yards.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. R. Kover Snow, wife of Governor Snow, rounded up a mysterious band of society crooks by the aid of her recently discovered method of telepathic detection of moral digression.

New York, N. Y.—V. Thompson, head of Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University, has announced that hereafter the tuition of the school will be ninety dollars instead of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per semester.

Louisville, Ky.—The Misses Clark and Stnmp, formerly of Ann Arbor, have opened a correspondence school for parents who are unable to do the work their children bring from school as home studies.

San Antonio, Tex.—A. Baldwin has just introduced in the city his patent filing system.

Denver, Col.—A new hospital called the "House of Smiles," has been established by I. Bandelier for people addicted to melancholia.

The Juniors gave a dance at the Minuet hall, May 10. As is usual at dances given by the Juniors, every one had an exceptionally good time. Instead of the customary decorations of pennants the hall was embellished with lillies, giving it a very charming appearance.

May 17, the Archons gave an informal dance at Hankers. Every one was in his gayest mood, consequently it is needless to say that the dance proved to be a great success.

Miss Erma Comparet, at her home on Lake Avenue, delightfully entertained the Eta Alpha girls at dinner, May 18.

Miss Ruth Riker entertained the Ka-Ca-Yuse club at her home on Woodland avenue, Saturday night, May 25. The affair was given in honor of Agnes Loeffer, Carrie Stiefel, and Florence Achenbach who have just recently been pledged to the club.

On Wednesday night, May 29, they were initiated at the home of Miss Martha Vail on Webster St. At the close of the initiation they found themselves the honor guests at a large spread.

The Bachelor Boys and an equal number of girls rode on a hay rack to Brudi's farm which is several miles out in the country. After an exciting barn dance and a "weeney" bake, they went back somewhat quieter than they were going out. Some, we are shocked to state, saw yellow streaks in the sky.

Every one knew what June 1 meant. We all look forward to the Senior excursion from one year to the next. This year people were more excited about it than ever before. Rome City is just the kind of a place to have fun in for one day. Although every one looked tired at the station waiting to come home, there was a pleased expression on each one's face. Why should any one care just because he is tired if he has had fun?

Miss Olga Rice opened the Air Dome dancing hall by entertaining a number of her friends there, Friday night, May 24th.

The stellar attraction for June will be the Commencement ball which will be given at the Minuet June 13, following the commencement exercises. Punch, ice and wafers will be served during the evening.

Miss Corrine Leedy invited a few of her friends to a dancing party which she had at her home in Lakeside on May 13. It was very informal, consequently every one had a perfectly good time.

Miss Elma Dixon gave a slumbering party at her home in Lakeside on May 25th.

Miss Florence Barton of Chicago is visiting friends here for several weeks.

Miss Alice Rabus gave a dinner for the Eta Alpha girls May 11.

School closed May 31 for Field Day exercises which were held at the Driving Park. A large crowd assembled to witness the fine exhibition of gymnasium which is taught in our city schools.

Every one now is thinking about going away either on a vacation or to a summer school. Among those from the Senior class are Irene Boshler to Winona Academy and Margaret Essig, Addie Coverdale and Zoa Davis to Angola Normal school. Two from the Junior class who are going to Culver Military school for the summer are Jimmy Olds and Franklin Randall.

E. Dinger, 1st. S. Ross, C. F. Mr. Ritter, Coach & Mgr. W. Reed, P. W. Rundles, Sub.

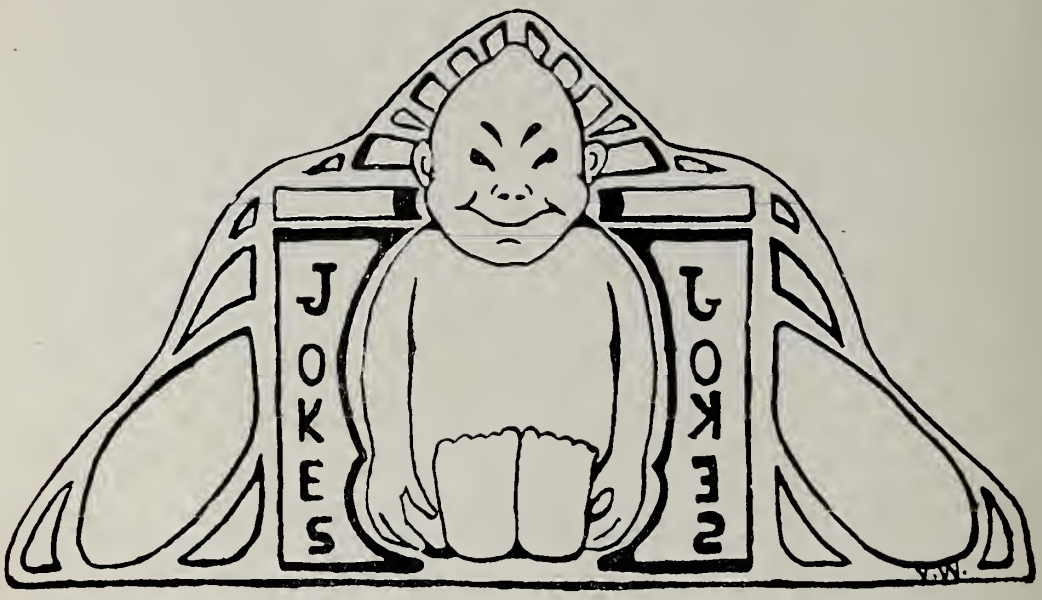
W. Kronmiller, 3rd. H. Koenig, R. F. P. Stonecifer, Capt. S. S. R. Hillegoss, L. F.

F. Gerberding, 2nd. G. Roberts, C.

Here we are at the close of another school year, a year that will go down on records as a live year in athletics. This school is again on the roll of athletics, the first time for a number of years and on the whole we can be proud of the success won by the teams in the various sports.

Foot-ball was the first on the list of sports. We all remember the grand success and eager work of this team, how they brought victory and honor to the school. And then came the basket ball team which worked diligently and kept up its courage and good work until the last. Although they were hampered by what one mght call a streak of hard luck, neverthcless they did their best and won quite a number of the games played. The fact that quite a number of rooters were always present at the games, showed that the athletic spirit dwelt not only in a few—the teams, but also in the school as a whole.

Three cheers for F. W. H. S. base-ball team which went to Purdue on May 16. They went there to compete with twenty-four other high school teams, for the statc championship. This was the first state meet of this kind. The games were played in series, six teams playing on various fields at thc same time. On Friday, May 17, at 9 a. m., our team played its first game with Rensselear and succeeded in defeating them by a score of 12 to 3. The batteries for our team were Reed, Stonecifer and Roberts. The next game in order was with Frankfort and our team shut them out entirely by a score of 4 to 0. Reed pitched a wonderful game and had perfect support. This game was a world's record for high school base ball, being played in 55 minutes Fort Wayne, South Bend, Huntington and Manual Training school of Indianapolis, were the only teams left to contest for the championship. South Bend won from Indianapolis, which team had beaten Huntington in thc semi-finals. Our team was defeated by South Bend, 16 to 3, and thus we lost our chance for the state honors. Because Huntington would not consent to toss up with Fort Wayne to decide third place and because it took the championship team to beat Fort Wayne, we were awarded third place. This is a remarkable showing for a team, playing together less than two weeks, and competing against twenty-four other teams, many of which have been organized for several years. The consensus of opinion among those who were in a position to judge fairly was that our team presented the best showing and played the best "inside" base ball of any team in the tournament.



He—"Be mine, Mandy, and you will be treated like an angel."

She—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear."—Ex.

* * *

"Say, you want to get a piece sewed onto those pants, they're too short."

"Short, nothing. I got into them too far, that's all."—Ex.

* * *

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We should strive to do our best,
And departing, leave behind us,
Note books that will help the rest.
—Ex.

* * *

He once was making money,
Much more than he could use.
Detectives caught him at it,
And now he's making shoes.
—Ex.

* * *

She studied hard at college,
To get her M. A.; then
She soon applied her knowledge,
To win her M. A. N.—Ex.

* * *

She—"Would you put yourself out for me?"

He—"Indeed I would."

She—"Then please do it; I'm awfully sleepy."—Ex.

Minister—"Now Tommy, if you did something naughty and were asked about it, what would you say?"

Tommy—"I dunno."

Minister—"You don't know? Why what would happen to you if you told a lie?"

Tommy—"The devil would get me."

Minister—"Quite right, and if you told the truth?"

Tommy—"I'd get the devil."—Ex.

* * *

It was in a Latin class and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit." With painful slowness he rendered it as, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb, 'fugit' be found?" asked the teacher.

A long scratching of the head and a final answer of, "Perfect tense," owing to a whispered prompting.

Teacher—"Then, how would you translate it?"

Pupil—"I dunno."

Teacher—"Just put a 'has' in it."

Pupil (triumphantly)—"The king has flees."—Ex.

* * *

She—"He calls himself a human dynamo?"

He—"No wonder everything he has on is charged."

Teacher—"What does 'trickling' mean?"

Pupil—"Running fast."

Teacher—"What does 'anecdote' mean?"

Pupil—"An anecdote is a short tale."

Teacher—"Give a sentence using both words."

Pupil—"I saw a dog trickling down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."—Ex.

* * *

A freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served up that freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of the very next day,
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
For ere the next noon was seen,
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the freshman was terribly green.
—Ex.

* * *

Freshie—"Why did those Moline boys bring those bells to the game?"

Sophie—"Foolish question, the babies needed their rattles."—Ex.

* * *

Fred Kelly, the Cleveland writer, was in a small Ohio town. It was lunch time and he was hungry. A native came along.

"Where's the hotel?" asked Kelly.

"Which one?"

"Why, is there more than one?"

"I didn't know there was any!" said the native, moving off.—Ex.

* * *

A man went into a restaurant. He wrote his breakfast order on a slip the waitress handed him. It read like this:

"Melon, coffee, boiled eggs."

As an instruction to the cook he wrote under the third item the words, "four minutes."

When the cook came back it was carried out thus:

"Melon, thirty-five cents; coffee, twenty-five cents; eggs, twenty-five cents; four minutes, ten cents."—Ex.

A prominent man was in Chattanooga recently and one feature arranged for his entertainment was an automobile sight-seeing trip through the city. As the party slowed up from time to time at some particularly interesting point, the colored chauffeur volunteered bits of local information. They were passing the new city hall and the guest read aloud the date on the cornerstone—1909 A. D.

"George," remarked one of the party addressing the chauffeur, "can you tell us what the A. D. stands for?"

"Suttenly, boss, suttenly," responded George, without a quiver of an eyelid. "Why, dat dere A. D. stands fo' all done."—Ex.

* * *

A prominent business man was in his office one day when a very seedy and exceedingly unwashed tramp came in and told him a tale of woe.

"I need a little money," said the hobo, "for I am in a bad fix. Not only am I hungry, but I am all broken up physically. I have dislocated my left shoulder."

"In that event," said the man dryly, "you must have tried to put on a clean shirt."

* * *

Mr. McCormick (talking of a friend of his): He certainly is a square fellow all 'round.

T. H. M. must have joined some new geometrical society.

* * *

H. C. (at class meeting)—Mr. President, please give me the next floor.

* * *

F. W. H. S. (cheering)—Three cheers for Gilpin-n—thirteen-n!

Freshie—Why, is that all the older he is?

* * *

If Marian Ingham stood in front of an oncoming train, would Phillip Warner?

(Most assuredly.)

* * *

You can't "Judge" "Puck."—take it from "Life."

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: Whims, Old Gold and Black, Tattler, Courier, Lesbian Herald, X-Ray, World, Crimson, Shamokin H. S. Review (March and April), Mountaineer, Pennant, Elkhart, Argus, Bellerivian (Feb. and April), Mercersburg Literary Magazine, Inter-Nos, Busybody, Alfred Monthly, Meriden Pennant, Gale Pennant, High School Gazette.

As this is our last issue, we are compelled to bid our friends farewell, much as we regret to. We wish to thank those who have exchanged with us and have aided us, by their suggestions, in improving our paper. Even though we may have knocked some hard, we have enjoyed the company of all, and have tried to receive criticisms in a kindly spirit. We should like to feel that we have been of some help to our friends, but we know that with forty-'leven other papers offering conflicting advice, it has been impossible for many perhaps most, to act on our suggestions. We wish you all as fair a wind and as smooth a sea as editors can have, and hope you will continue the exchange with the new staff, at whose hands we feel sure you will receive only the best of treatment.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Whims, Old Gold and Black and the Elkhart Pennant. Some brilliant genius eloped with them, they were so good. We wish he (or she) thought as much of us.

We agree with the editors of the Tattler that there is room for improvement in the joke departments of most school papers. "Daffy-dils" have been carried too far, and a majority of the jokes are labeled "Ex." Some do not have the courtesy to do that much, however. You get through your "Foolish Number" without the aid of a joke department very well, Tattler , but wouldn't a few fresh jokes be necessary to liven up other numbers.

Crimson, you might omit a few pages of jokes and jests, and have your exchange editor get busy. You didn't even acknowledge the exchanges, yet you had them, and used jokes out of them. Why not put the exchange department to its proper use?

A little late, Shamokin Review, in coming around with the March issue. You have an exceedingly large exchange list. You lack an athletic department, however, and a better quality of paper would make an improvement.

Mountaineer, you have a fine paper this issue. There is a great deal of literary work, and the cuts are all good. You certainly believe in having plenty of illustrations.

Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine. The author of "Melancholia" must have had a bad case of it himself. That was the worst story for a school paper we ever saw published. Try to have something a little more pleasant next time. Why not devote some space now left blank, to school activities?

Space will not permit us to give verbatim the comments of other papers on the "Caldron." We are proud to say that the "Caldron" seems to be well liked by all, as is evidenced by such expressions as "Hardly seems like an amateur's work," "lacks the usual rough, unfinished style," and "always original and well done."

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"No, but dynamite."

"My sister sings "Ill Trovadore" in five sharps."
"Mine sang it in six flats, but they made us move out of every one of them."—Ex.

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Bookseller—"Buy a translation, and save half your work."
Soph—"Give me two, please."—Ex.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
When his collar button rolled under the bed
* * * $ $ $ x x x ! ! ! ? ? etc."—Ex.

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Teacher—"Willie, tell me what chivalry is."
Willie—"Chivalry means knighthood."
Teacher—"Use the word in a sentence."
Willie—"When my grandmother goes to bed at night, she puts on her chivalry."—Ex.

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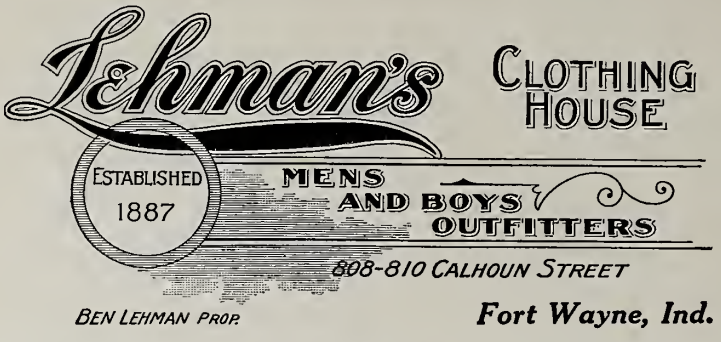

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Sailor—"For heaven's sake, our rudder's broken."

Lady on first trip—"Never mind, it doesn't show."—Ex.

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The engine went to Halifax,
And—I know where you think Willie went, but he didn't, because he was standing on the other track.—Ex.

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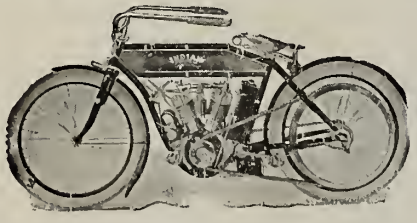

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Pupil—"I guess that's the reason I flunk so often in tests."—Ex.

They had never met be-4,
But what had she 2-care.
She loved him 10-derly,
For he was a 1,000,000-aire.—Ex.

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'Tis the fate of a man,
When an auto he buys.
—Ex.

Caesar says the Romans used horses.
Then why we can't, I don't see;
For they knew the tough old language,
Much better, far, than do we.—Ex.

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